

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



AN OUTSIDE ALLY.

Good Brother Preacher, the sick and poor
Shall be glad of the alms that you procure
When Hospital Sunday again draws nigh;

And I will wait outside the gate,
And remind the neighbor who passes by.
PUCK.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,
from the
PUCK BUILDING,
New York.

Publishers and Proprietors, - Joseph Keppler.
A. Schwarzmann.
Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, December 21st, 1887. - No. 563.

Puck this week contains 18 pages.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WITHIN THE last fortnight we have seen a radical change in the character and condition of American politics. A few weeks ago there were two parties and no issue. To-day there is an issue, and it divides the two parties. This extraordinary change is the work of one man, and is the effect of a deliverance that is at once bold and simple. The President of the United States has, in fulfillment of his constitutional duty, informed Congress that the one important duty before the country is the provision for a permanent reduction of the enormous surplus which is growing, year by year and day by day, from the unnecessary taxation of American citizens; and that the way to reduce this surplus is to reduce its least necessary source of supply—the customs revenue. This seems a simple thing enough, yet it is the boldest step that has been taken in our politics since the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation. The President of the United States, who must, by virtue of his position, be assumed to represent the party that elected him, has frankly declared his opinion that our protective tariff is a bad thing for the country. His party must support him in the stand that he has taken, or accept the alternative: disown his sentiments, and find a new leader.

The acceptance of this one fact puts all party politics on a new basis. Between this time and the beginning of the next presidential campaign, the Democratic party may make its choice. But its choice will make it either a Free trade or a Protection party, and it will matter very little to anybody that it once had the name of "Democrat" on its door-plate. Whether Democrats like it or dislike it, they are obliged, by the necessity of the situation, to enroll themselves as Free Traders or as Protectionists, and nobody will care much what opinions they hold on other subjects. There may be more important issues before the people—we think, ourselves, that the elimination of partisan influence from government business is a matter of even greater weight—but certainly, this issue, being once fairly raised, its immediate importance must be clear to every man. The men who think they are gainers by our protective system and the men who think they would be gainers under a system of free trade are at once arrayed against each other, with a fight before them that must be fought out; that may not be shirked or postponed or compromised. Whatever be the outcome, it is begun, and it must be brought to an end.

President Cleveland has done a great thing—great in its simplicity; great in its boldness. Two weeks ago neither of the two great parties knew what to say for itself. To-day, every man in those two parties must find out for himself where he stands, and must reason out for himself the practical application of a great economic principle. The division between men that is thus made is not a division upon party lines. In the next campaign there will be two parties that will not be, whatever they may call themselves, the two parties that fought out the political contest of 1884. If "aggressive personality" counts for anything with the American people, they will follow the lead of the man who has shown the people a great work to be done that their representatives have hitherto shirked.

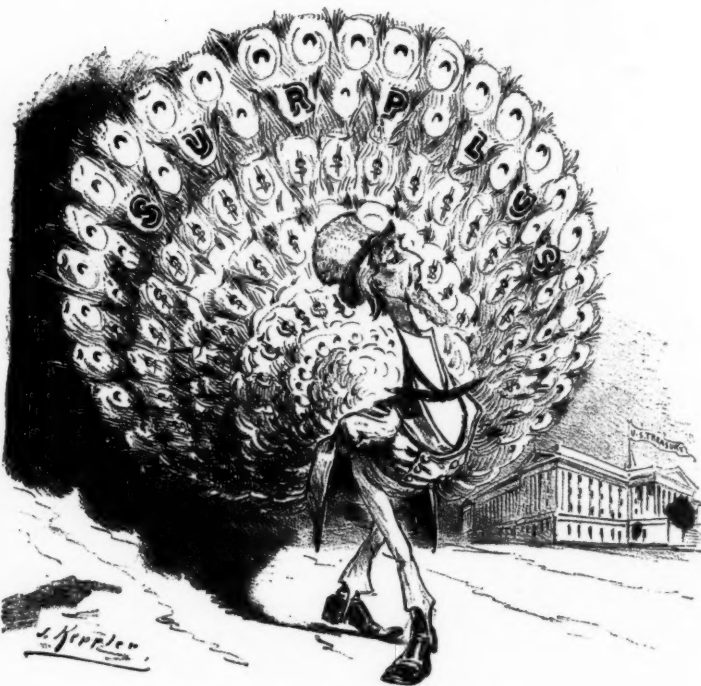
We wish to enter our protest against the misuse of poor old Christmas. Year after year, we do more and more to spoil the wholesome old holiday, that once was welcomed by all who observed it; that now has well-nigh become an annual nuisance—and all because of our own snobbishness. In our dealings with Christmas we are having much the same sort of experience that people in small provincial cities have with their "Shakspeare Societies" and "Reading Clubs." What that is we may learn from thousands of people, all over the country. The club or society, or whatever it may be, meets for the first time at Mrs. Brown's house. After the intellectual labors of the evening are over, the company is invited to a modest repast of tea and cake—sponge-cake, as a rule. The next meeting takes place at Mrs. Green's. At the close of the evening there is a little spread of tea and cake, and, perhaps, a few sandwiches. Next week, at Mrs. Smith's, there are tea and cake and sand-

wiches, and a bowl of salad. And when her turn comes, Mrs. Jones adds cold chicken; and so it goes on until Mrs. Snooks, whose husband is the richest man in town, gives a splendid supper, with game and *pâté de foie gras* and bouillon and terrapin and boned turkey and champagne, and everything, in short that money can buy. And then Mrs. Hobbs, whose husband has much trouble to keep himself and his family decently clothed, finds herself called upon to entertain her friends after the fashion set by her millionaire neighbor.

When it gets to this point in the small provincial city, there is always a revolt. The people who are not well off in this world's goods get together and resolve—very sensibly—that there shall be no more Shakspeare Society, no more Reading Club, unless a limit is put to the expense of entertainment. And when the club or the society meets again, the hostess provides a statutory supper, so to speak, of humble sandwiches, inexpensive sponge-cake, and the common Hyson tea of innocent sociability.

This is quite as it should be. Poor Mrs. Hobbs need no longer be put to shame by the contrast between her own poverty and Mrs. Snooks's wealth. And if Mrs. Snooks is consumed with a devouring hunger and thirst for game suppers and champagne, she may indulge her fancies in privacy. And the meetings of the Shakspeare Society become once more occasions of rational social enjoyment. Now, it seems to us, the time has come for just such a revolt against the wild extravagance of our present celebration of Christmas. There is no use in denying the truth, we have all of us, great and small, fallen into a foolish fashion of giving more than we can afford, and giving it in foolish ways. We spend, as a nation, hundreds of thousands of dollars every year upon worthless toys, which we exchange—yes, that is the word—with children young and old.

In our fathers' time, Christmas was indeed a time for making merry—a time for family meetings, for cheerful gatherings. The children were remembered: they received little gifts, such as made them happy, and robbed no one's purse. But the gift-giving has now grown to be a mania; we give not only to the children but to adult friends and relatives, and they, if they would not be considered mean and ungrateful, must give to us. And as there is no real need of all this giving, it follows that we give useless things. There is, in fact, a regular trade in trifles—costly trifles—manufactured simply to meet the want thus created; and we have the spectacle of a rational human being giving his rational human friend—of the other sex—a dollar's worth of candy in a bonbon box that costs twenty-five dollars. To the rich, this may be a pleasing sport. To the poor; to those of moderate means, it can only be a burden and an anxiety. When will the time come when we shall make an end of this vulgarity, and treat Christmas sensibly and fairly? There is much pleasure to be had out of the season; why should we make it a time to be looked forward to with dislike and dread. If we go on as we are going, the day may come when we shall have to pass Christmas by unregarded.



PROUD OF HIS FINANCIAL STUPIDITY.



IN AN ART GALLERY.

MR. CLUBMAN (*who knows all about it*).—This Verboeckhoven is simply atrocious!

MR. KNOBSTICK (*who wishes he did know all about it*).—It does seem rather-er-well, really, not quite up to the mark, you know.

MR. CLUBMAN.—Why, it is vile, my dear fellow; positively vile. The veriest tyro in art ought to see that!

MR. KNOBSTICK.—Oh, yes, indeed!

MR. CLUBMAN.—Now, this little canvas is not so bad!

MR. KNOBSTICK.—So very natural, you know.

MR. CLUBMAN (*patronizingly*).—Natural, my dear boy, but not nature.

MR. KNOBSTICK.—Oh, possibly, possibly!

MR. CLUBMAN.—You never really saw grass and sky look like that grass and sky.

MR. KNOBSTICK.—Now that you speak of it, I am not sure that I have, you know.

MR. CLUBMAN.—Of course you have n't; the picture has delicacy and finish, but fidelity to nature—Bah!

MR. KNOBSTICK.—I quite agree with you. This is a rather odd bit.

MR. CLUBMAN.—Very odd; the lights, though, are managed very well—yes, really, very well.

MR. KNOBSTICK.—It quite takes my fancy.

MR. CLUBMAN.—Oh, it is a very faulty canvas otherwise—full of glaring errors.

MR. KNOBSTICK.—Oh, here is a *Gérôme*!

MR. CLUBMAN.—Yes, not at his best; a fairish composition only. I tell you, my dear boy, the majority of paintings are overrated—there is nothing in them.

MISS FACETIOUS.—What's this?—"After the Ball!" She looks as if she were sorry she went.

YOUNG MR. FUNNYMAN (*her escort*).—Oh, no; she's sorry she came home so soon.

MISS FACETIOUS.—What an uncomfortable attitude—and she's rumpling her dress awfully!

YOUNG MR. FUNNYMAN.—Oh, well, she does n't mind that, you know; it's the end of the season.

MISS FACETIOUS.—Here's "A Misty Morning in Rome!"

YOUNG MR. FUNNYMAN.—I call that a regular London fog.

MISS FACETIOUS.—Yes, indeed! Do let us go on; it will take the curl out of my feathers.

MISS PENELOPE (*a young woman with catalogue and magnifying glass "doing" the collection*).—Look at the detail of that woman's dress. Is n't it wonderful?

ADMIRING FEMALE FRIEND.—Wonderful!

MISS PENELOPE (*after a few moments' absorbing contemplation*).—Kammerer paints deliciously!

ADMIRING FEMALE FRIEND.—Exquisitely!

MISS PENELOPE.—Will you look at this perspective—the depth of it?—why, it is superb!

ADMIRING FEMALE FRIEND.—Oh, is n't it?

MISS PENELOPE.—Marvelous! marvelous!! The picture as a whole, though, lacks sentiment.

ADMIRING FEMALE FRIEND.—Yes, I think so.

MISS PENELOPE (*pettishly*).—Look at those stupid people standing so close to that *Fortuny*!

ADMIRING FEMALE FRIEND.—Such ignorance!

MISS PENELOPE.—Why, it's a perfect daub near by!

ADMIRING FEMALE FRIEND.—Of course!

MISS PENELOPE.—Oh, here's another *Bierstadt*!

ADMIRING FEMALE FRIEND.—Oh, yes; how very fine!

MISS PENELOPE.—Ye-es; but his pictures are so very similar—all painted from the same recipe.

ADMIRING FEMALE FRIEND.—That may be so.

MRS. HOPELESS (*before a *Detaille**).—This is quite pretty, Mabel; a sort of battle-scene, is n't it?

MABEL (*her daughter*).—It seems to be, Mama.

MRS. HOPELESS.—Who did it?

MABEL (*reading name on frame*).—It's some unpronounceable name—French, I think, Mama.

MRS. HOPELESS.—Oh, never mind, my dear. I really don't care. I don't like so many figures in a picture, anyhow; it's too confusing.

FIRST ARTIST (*who manufactures pictures by the dozen for dealers*).—Good gracious, man; look at those flesh tints!

SECOND ARTIST (*who does the same*).—Frightful—mixed with putty, I should say!

FIRST ARTIST.—Horrible, horrible! I can't see how a painter can let such work leave his easel.

SECOND ARTIST.—Nor I. But the so-called great artist is not apt to be the conscientious one.

FIRST ARTIST.—True, indeed! This *Troyon* here lacks detail.

SECOND ARTIST.—Oh, yes—and breadth!

FIRST ARTIST.—Do look at the gaping crowd before that huge canvas over there!

SECOND ARTIST.—I see. That's what discourages true art—the utter want of discrimination in the public.

FIRST ARTIST.—Oh, give it size and color and it is satisfied.

SECOND ARTIST.—Look at this landscape—the critics laud it to the skies.

FIRST ARTIST.—Where it ought to be—it is a mass of faults.

SECOND ARTIST.—A wretched composition throughout.

FIRST ARTIST.—And here—this outrageous chaos of color.

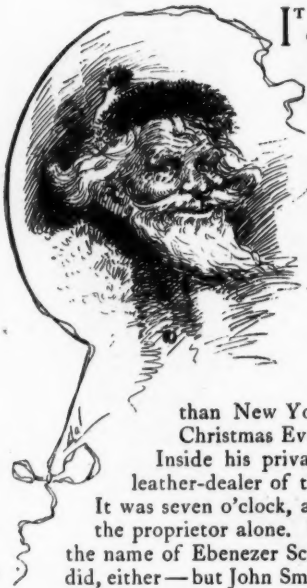
SECOND ARTIST.—My dear fellow, that was intended to hang in an unlighted gallery.

FIRST ARTIST.—Altogether a miserable collection.

SECOND ARTIST.—Yes—let's go; why did n't the fellow, with his money, buy something worth showing?

Philip H. Welch.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF 1887.

As Compared with the Ordinary Mendacious Christmas Tale.

IT WAS THE 24th of December; from a force of circumstances that render it impossible to be otherwise, according to the almanac, it was also Christmas Eve. The wind rushed and tore around the corners like an Alderman seeking votes on Election Day. The snow was falling fast, and the thermometer hovered in the neighborhood of zero, now above, then below, like a moth around an electric light. These few facts show conclusively that it was a typical Christmas Eve. Why typical, I can not say, for I have sat beneath the trees on the 24th of December, sans coat and hat, feeling comfortable—but that was some degrees further south than New York. At any rate, it was called a typical Christmas Eve.

Inside his private office sat John Smith, the millionaire leather-dealer of the "Swamp," poring over his accounts. It was seven o'clock, and all the clerks had gone home, leaving the proprietor alone. By the way, did you ever meet a man by the name of Ebenezer Scrooge? Of course not; nobody else ever did, either—but John Smith? You know lots of Johnsmiths. A man does not need to have a name like a rusty saw to be mean. From this you will infer that Mr. John Smith was mean; so he was—this particular one. The amalgamated meanness of Scrooge and Marley did not begin to compare with the close-fistedness of this Johnsmith; consequently he was rich. I am not mean, neither are you; but are we rich? Such subjects are painful on Christmas Eve—we will go on with the story.

Outside the office three small gamins were engaged in pelting an equally small girl with snowballs; suddenly they stopped.

"Say, Jinny," cried one of the sterner sex: "try de ole man on de Santy Claus racket!" and they hid in the darkness of a doorway.

The little girl crept to the door, tried the knob and entered. Oh, how warm it was! I merely introduce the last phrase to convince people that this is a genuine Christmas story. A slight cough roused the capitalist, and, looking up, he saw a red, pinched little face gazing wistfully at him. (The redness of the face was due to the application of snow in the hands of the small boy.)

"Well?" (the millionaire was impatient, as three cents were unaccounted on the balance sheet.)

"Please, sir," and the little voice grew plaintive in its question: "are you Santa Claus?"

"Bah!" said Scrooge (I mean John Smith): "humbug!"

"Please, sir," and the little questioner grew earnest: "won't yer gimme a quarter?"

The bearded capitalist arose. "Get!" he shouted, and pointed to the doorway.

Obedient to the command, the little figure got—outside the door, and, regaining her companions the tale was told, and they got—what?

Fifteen minutes later the three cents had been found, the safe-door closed, and the merchant, well wrapped in his ulster, stepped outside the door.

Whizz-whizz-bang-bang—four snowballs flew with unerring aim at the face and high hat of Mr. John Smith.

"Get!" cried four voices; and the snow-covered, angry capitalist picked up his hat and got as fast as his legs could carry him.

This, dear reader, is a realistic Christmas story, a Christmas of today, of the year eighteen hundred and eighty-seven.

AT WEST POINT.

INSTRUCTOR.—Give the rule for approximate calculation of horizontal distance.

PLEBE (from New York City, confidently).—Twenty blocks to the mile.

REWARDED.

"Why, how is this, Mr. Beat? I hear you've got the nerve to go around telling people that you're doing a better business than you ever did before; and yet you know you have n't paid me a cent of rent in the past six months."

"Well, I think that's doing pretty well. You're the first man I've struck who'd let me get into him more than three weeks. That's the reason I'm making such a long stay with you."

ROPE MANUFACTURERS can only see the bright side of anarchy.

THE SEMI-OCCASIONAL churchgoer is known by the way he holds up a hymn book.



CHANGE ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.

BLIND (?) BEGGAR.—Since that darned Animal Cruelty Society has got so popular, this is the only way I can fake a decent living.

THE OWL AGAIN.

"I want a pair of smoked glasses!"

The optician with a scowl:

"What do you want with them, prithee, You musty dyspeptic owl?"

"I want them," replied his owlship,

With a look of great surprise,

And a smile upon his features:

"For the benefit of my eyes!"

"For your eyes?" said the vexed optician:

"That's delicious, anyway!"

Said the owl: "You know full well, sir, I can not see by day;

"And I want smoked glasses, simply,

To wear upon every flight—

Because I'm an owl from Boston,

In search of beauty and light!"

R. K. M.

BRIGHAM YOUNG's oldest son is rich, but has only three wives. He appears to have been more successful in business than in love.

WHEN A YOUNG LADY and an old gentleman are partners at whist, it is difficult to say which is the greater sufferer.

A TON OF DIAMONDS is worth thirty million dollars. Don't let the dealers come the eighteen-hundred-pound dodge on you.

THE BIRD KNEW.

The Western Union telegraph operator who told the following story should take a position with one of the New York papers and talk up its circulation:

"I was out hunting the other day, and I saw a fine woodpecker on a tree; and just as I raised my gun to shoot, it rapped on the tree 'stop.' I lowered my gun in astonishment, and the bird began to rap again; and, with the precision of an old operator, it told me not to spend my time tramping through the woods in search of pleasure, but to go home and buy PICKINGS FROM PUCK, only twenty-five cents."



AT THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

MR. POSTLEIGH.—What agility and grace, Genevieve! It makes me think of our young days.

MRS. POSTLEIGH.—Why, William, I never did such a thing in my life!

THE COUNTRY SEXTON.



ALMOST EVERY MAN, no matter what his walk in life may be, has some sympathy from his neighbors. The doctor is unconsciously sympathized with when people tell him how hard it must be to arise at two o'clock on a winter morning and go forth in a hailstorm to minister to the sufferings of a patient several miles off.

And as with the doctor, so it is with the clergyman, and the night editor, and the man who thrusts his head into the lion's mouth daily, for so much a week.

But no one has yet seen fit to express the opinion that the lot of the country sexton is a hard and trying one. Every one who has any business connection with the church owns him. He has to saw wood for the rector, and beat carpets for the vestrymen, and do odd jobs around the places of any other members of the congregation who may see fit to call upon him.

If he goes out on the street for an airing, he is apt to be met and snapped up by some old lady who has just moved and would like to have the shades of the old house cut down to fit the windows of the new one.

If he is going to the city for recreation, he is sure to be met before he reaches the railroad station, and ordered to make a church-pew cushion for the settle of somebody's new Dutch house.

And no matter what the poor sexton may have on hand, he has smilingly to abandon it, to perform anything that is asked of him. He is generally what is known as a handy man and a stand-by, and his gentle resignation under circumstances that would be trying to the average layman would be simply edifying and beautiful in the rector himself.

If the sexton wants to take a drink, he has to do it down in his cellar. He is afraid to go into a public drinking place, for fear he may meet some church dignitary there who will report him.

He has to be very circumspect in all his ways. If any one hits him, he can not hit back, because he must reflect the sentiments and teachings of the clergyman, and, in short, practice what the clergyman preaches. Consequently, through the teachings of the clergyman, the sexton becomes a paragon of virtue which the clergyman himself would do well to follow.

But, in spite of all his humility and goodness, he is never regarded according to his real worth. He never receives the credit of having any patience, although he gives up his entire life to the church, and is ever ready to do anything that is required. He has to mend the cushions, sweep the church, and have a perfect knowledge of all the feasts and ember days. He must know whether it is the first Sunday in Advent, or the third Sunday after Easter, be able to define the functions of an archdeacon, and move a piano upstairs without waxing profane when his fingers are flattened out like those of a pair of new kid gloves against the wainscoting.

When his children are baptized, he can not select the hour himself, or decide whether it is to be done in public or private. It is all decided by the clergyman, who may prefer quiet simplicity or full dress.

The sexton always has to attend service regularly, and appear to be deeply interested, even if he is thinking of rabbit hunting or foot-ball at the time. In fact, he is obliged to appreciate each sermon so keenly, that to look at him you would suppose that he himself was the author of it.

He has to go forth to the wood and cut X-mas trees, about this time; and a little later wear out all his clothing against the church walls, as he lies against them on his wish-bone, while adjusting the emerald decorations of the season.

And he has to see that the church is warm, even when the furnace won't work. Let him get a cough, even during the regular season of the

Palestine cough, and he will not be sent to the Holy Land to mend his shattered health. He gets no slippers delicately embroidered with rose and heliotrope about X-mas time, and no cough troche firm pays him to write it a complimentary letter to be printed as an advertisement. In fact, he is never treated the same as the rector except when his salary is allowed to go past due.

The only thing that can be said against the country sexton is that he prevaricates, and breaks engagements. He promises to split your wood on Monday, and does n't come around for a week. He says, when he sees you, that he had to do some other job for some one else, and that he was in arrears with his work. You can never find him except at the church, and that is generally on Sunday, when you can't start him to work on the spot. A country sexton, to be happy, should be deaf, and live on an island in the middle of a swamp that is not soft enough to sail a boat in, and not hard enough to walk on. He should reach his house by a bridge that could be drawn into the front door after him, and used inside as a staircase.

R. K. M.

"WOMAN FEELS where man thinks," says a writer. Yes, that's why man is bald.



HOW SHOULD WE LIKE IT THIS WAY?

MR. DENSUADE (*before the Opera*).—Are n't you going?

MRS. DENSUADE.—Certainly. Why not?

MR. DENSUADE.—You're not dressed!

MRS. DENSUADE.—Excuse me. According to the tenets of the satirical press, I am!

HER MISSION.

NOW CALLS the wife of the rector
In twilight's pensive hush,
And her voice is the kind of music
That flows from the bloom-hid thrush.

She speaks of the latest etchings,
Likewise of the latest books,
Bric-à-brac and turquoise china,
While a smile lights all her looks.

When ceases her gush of music
She turns like a bird to flee,
While dropping a hint for a "fiver"
To trim the X-mas tree.



"NOW, MR. JAWLEY," said the mother, "you must look at Clarence. He's the sweetest, dearest tiny tootsy thing you ever saw, if he is teething. There, now, tell me candidly, is n't that a fine baby?"

"Yes 'm," said the old bachelor: "it's a very fine baby. Gimme a forequarter and about half a dozen French chops."

COTTON-TAILS would not be a bad title for a book of plantation stories.

THE ANCIENTS were n't a bad lot at heart. Cicero could write Latin with fluency all day long. But he never struck an R at the beginning of his compositions and made five cents' worth of hydrate of suthin' and three cents' worth of bisulphide of suthin' else cost a dollar-and-a-half in a glass bottle with a pink label.

CHARLES DICKENS, JR., thinks that Niagara Falls is "a place of abject terror." So it is. We have counted a hundred bridal couples there in a single day.

THE VASSAR COLLEGE cheer should end with "yum-yum-yum!"

WHEN a church sewing society meets at a member's house, the session soon develops into an English-speaking race.

MY ULSTER.



H, MY ULSTER 's a friend I can never forget!

I have worn it some six or eight years;
It 's as good as the first day I purchased it yet —
It extends from my heels to my ears.

It has always been eight or ten sizes too large,
And it seems like a ton's weight to lift,

But, oh, it 's a joy when I fall o'er the marge
Of a big able-bodied snow-drift!

It 's about a foot thick, is this cosy old gown,
And when by its great belt I 'm begirt,
On the slippery walk I can tumble me down
Without once being fractured or hurt;
In some places it 's yellow, in others it 's red —
Soon the rainbow will in it be found —
Oh, it makes a fine spread to be thrown on the bed,
And it makes a fine bed for the hound!

Oh, the blizzard may warble its bitterest song,
But I care not how bitter it blows;
And no terrors to any big cold wave belong
When I button it up 'round my nose.
It 's as downy and soft as a turtle-dove's nest
On the limb of a blooming plum tree,
And no four-button cutaway, trousers or vest
Do I need when it 's swaddled 'round me!

All the buttons stay on as though fastened with nails,
And the rain through it never can ooze;
It 's as proof against tears as it is against gales,
And it covers the breaks in my shoes.
I am sure it will be my companion life-long,
And I know that as onward I wend
I can daily burst forth in this beautiful song:
"I 've at least got one constant warm friend."

R. K. M.

WHAT BOTHERS the average woman just at present is to find a suitable X-mas present for two dollars that will look as though it cost five.

THESE "cold waves" must be a boon to the inhabitants of New Jersey. They can leave their doors and windows wide open all night without fear of tramps.

THE HOLE into which the late General Boulanger retired appears to be sodded over.

THE ANGUISH of martyrdom bound to enhance, The patriot O'Brien goes to bed in his pance.

THE FIFTH AVENUE stage-line has sunk pretty low in the social scale; but there is one chance left for it yet. It can do a little coaching-club caper, and hire Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter to ride on the box-seat.

MANY AN ACTRESS can say that her face powder is her fortune.



CHEERFULLY GIVEN INFORMATION.

MRS. GORETON (*taking her constitutional in the Park*).—Can you direct me to the Bolivar statue?

SPARROW OFFICER.—I 'm not long on th' foorce, leddy, an' I don't know over-much aboot shtatues; but if it 's bolivars yez want, I t'ink yez 'll find thim at th' restorator bechune th' bir-rd-cage an' th' arshenal.

SOME CITIZENS think that Most should have no following. We think he should have a large following—of his companions straight to jail.

"SIR," SAID Mr. Rebelflag, addressing the Genial Proprietor at the fifty-cent table-d'hôte: "we have been too kind to the South, that is the difficulty. I have always been opposed to extending the right hand of fellowship to our Southern brother until all this sectional feeling should have died out."

THE TRAMP never seeks a vacancy. He has a vacancy of his own, and it takes about all his time to keep it filled.

IT is the matutinal angler who appreciates the fact that the early worm catches the fish.

ALL is not gold that pays a quarter's dividends and collects two years' assessments.

A FEW WEALTHY CHINAMEN are trying to control the laundry business of a far western city, we are told by an exchange. It should be called an Ah Syndicate.

CHORUS OF ANARCHISTS.

We shall miss you, we shall miss you much;
We shall miss your blustering boast;
But when the real bomb-throwing comes
Then we shan't miss you, Most.

THE CONTRIBUTOR who scarcely hopes that his M.S. will prove available usually has good judgement.

THE ADAGE, "It takes a thief to catch a thief," is not highly complimentary to the detective.

MAUD.—Alfred, what does that Wall Street man, D'Algonquin, mean when he speaks of "covering his shorts?"

ALFRED.—Oh, he only means he 's wearing his last winter's overcoat over his last summer's tennis blazer.

THERE is a manufacturing company down town that seems to succeed, in spite of the fact that its name is Dennis.

TWO OF our greatest chess-players are going to play a match game. The one who draws the last match to "set it up" to the crowd.

SOUTH AMERICA has an umbrella bird. It must be famous for flying away and not returning.



TOO REALISTIC.

CATESBY (*who has kindly consented to serve as Santa Claus, and who, to heighten the illusion, has been hung in the chimney*).—Blest if that fool Brown ain't balled up the arrangements, and lighted the yule log ten minutes ahead of time!



A FREAK OF NATURE

AN UGLY girl, a handsome man,
And no one can tell whether
It comes by Fate's especial plan,
But—given a corner and a fan,
You'll find them there, together!

AN UGLY man, a handsome girl,
This rule, too, seems most certain:
Wherever dancers glide and twirl,
They're sitting, safe from glare and whirl,
Paired off—behind a curtain.

Madeline S. Bridges.

COMMUNICATED.

FAIRFIELD, Conn.

P. T. BARNUM, Esq.,—

Dear Sir: We have a large soiled Asiatic elephant visiting us now, which we suspect belongs to you. His skin is a misfit, and he keeps moving his trunk from side to side, nervously. If you have missed an elephant answering to this description, please come up and take him away, as we have no use for him. An elephant on a place so small as ours is more of a trouble than a convenience.

I have endeavored to frighten him away, but he does not seem at all timid, and my wife and I, assisted by our hired man, tried to push him out of the yard, but our efforts were unavailing. He has made our home his own now, for some days, and he has become quite *de trop*.

We do not mind him so much in the day-time, for he then basks mostly on the lawn and plays with the children, (to whom he has greatly endeared himself,) but at night he comes up and lays his head on our piazza, and his deep and stertorous breathing keeps my wife awake.

I feel as though I were entitled to some compensation for his keep. He is a large though not fastidious eater, and he has destroyed some of my plants by treading on them; and he also leaned against our wood-house. My neighbor—who is something of a wag—says I have a lien on his trunk for the amount of his board; but that, of course, is only pleasantry.

Your immediate attention will oblige

Simeon Ford.

SO IT IS.

SHE.—John, what is a coastwise steamer?

HE.—One that knows how to keep off the rocks, darling.

CRUMPLED ROSE LEAVES.

DRY GOODS CLERK (to fellow clerk).—Timmy, you remember I told you of a desperate flirtation I had with a beautiful girl at Saratoga, when I was on my vacation?

TIMMY.—Yes, chappie.

DRY GOODS CLERK.—She was in here to-day, and bought some dress goods.

TIMMY.—What did she have to say?

DRY GOODS CLERK.—She asked me if the goods would wash; that's all.



WE DON'T know why, but champagne-cider always suggests to us a Sunday-school superintendent in a facetious mood.

THE WHEREABOUTS of one Henry George is becoming a matter of some comment; but there is no uneasiness felt.

THE LATE Mr. Liszt was said to be almost a second Josef Hofman.

THE PRESIDENT of the French Republic gets a salary of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, plus fifty thousand dollars for living expenses. The job is worth it.

"NOW IS THE TIME," said the tramp, as he let the cover of the bin down over him for the night, "to lay in coal."

IT IS UNDERSTOOD that M. Sadi-Carnot is still pinching himself to find out whether it is a dream or not.

WHEN SHALL we see the Devil again? Next fall.

IN QUITMAN, GA., a drunken negro resisted arrest. The policeman hit him on the head with a club, and in an instant the negro's wool was all ablaze. Since this item was published, Col. Ochiltree has been a law-abiding citizen.

"IN KRIS KRINGLE WE TRUST."

When Blivins came home late on Christmas Eve,
He saw, while around he was sloshing,
Some eight pairs of hose by the mantel-piece hung,
And growled at the family washing.
When the meaning came to him, he sighed, "It's too late,"
And stood for a moment quite humbled;
Then his pocket-book, empty, he hung by the grate—
And straight into bed he tumbled.



IN FRONT OF LACY'S WINDOW.

DEACON BILES (on a visit).—It's th' darndest thing ever you see, Marthy. Wait 'll Wash't'n crossin' th' dec'loration of Ind'pendence comes raound agin, 'n I 'll git daown 'n boost you 'n Eben up!



THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS —
SANTA CLAUS.—This is getting to be too extravagant for me

UCK.



CHRISTMAS — AN UNNECESSARY CALL.
extravagant for me! I guess I'll go where I'm more needed.

J. Ottmann, Lith. Puck Building, N. Y.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.



DOWN THE oaken staircase
She comes with dainty tread,
In satin gown of quaintest cut,
With frosty lace o'erspread—
And a green bough of mistletoe
Hangs just above her head.

Her white throat rises stately
From out its snowy bed,
Her tender eyes are downcast,
Her lips are ruby red—
And a green bough of mistletoe
Hangs o'er her golden head.

Her slippered foot's soft patter,
Her ankle so well bred,
Set my poor heart all a flutter;
Her ire I do not dread—
I only see the mistletoe
That hangs above her head.

I clasp her close and kiss her,
Not caring what is said,
For the truth is, if you 'd know it,
We are already wed—
But then, a bough of mistletoe
Hangs just above her head.

M. M.

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

"Are you interested in the newest discoveries in Science and the inventive arts?" asked Mr. Knowall of Miss De Pork, a Chicago girl.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" she replied enthusiastically: "I am so interested in everything of that sort. Why, do you know that when my Papa first went into the pork business he had to kill all his pigs by hand, one at a time; and it was dreadful tiresome, sticking three or four hundred in a day. But now he has machines that simplify and beautify the work so that they kill and scald and scrape and cut up thousands in a day at his pork-packing parlors, as you would say in Boston; and the work is done beautifully. You must go with me and see it some day; it's just lovely!"

Roy.



AT THE CREDITORS' MEETING.

BANKRUPT.—Gentlemen, I must throw myself on your clemency. If two pin-cushions and an embroidered hat-tip are any use to you, take them. I attended the Masonic Fair recently!

THE WORST CRIME OF ALL.

"We had a tough time getting him away from the mob," said one of the officers, as they dragged their bruised and tattered prisoner into the station house and slammed the door in the face of the infuriated throng that surged against the railings and clamored loudly for vengeance.

"Kill him! Lynch him! Get a rope!" yelled the people; and then the policemen charged upon them with drawn clubs, and they sullenly dispersed.

"It's lucky we came along in time," continued the officer who had made the arrest, as he gazed sadly at a huge rent in his uniform: "another minute and they would have had the life clubbed out of him; and I don't blame them, either, for a man who'd do what he did would rob a church."

"What's the charge?" asked the sergeant as the trembling, pallid culprit was arraigned in front of him.

"Dropping Philadelphia papers in one of them hospital boxes," was the reply.

MUGGERS'S PLACE.



Muggers is one of those cast-iron foundry fiends who will insist on decorating their grounds with examples of their production.

FRIEND (*who has been invited to pass the night*).—Pleasant little place, my boy; but is n't it a trifle near that grave-yard?

IN THE MATTER of the X-MAS PUCK.

WE ARE very sorry to learn that many of our regular readers have been unable to get their CHRISTMAS PUCK. It is not our fault, however, that this has happened. We gave the amplest notice to the newsdealers; we gave them clearly to understand that the CHRISTMAS PUCK was the regular edition for December 14th, and we printed double our usual edition to meet the extra demand.

WE ARE sorry to learn that some of the newsdealers did not order enough copies to meet the increased demand. But that is, after all, rather their interment than ours. The entire edition of the CHRISTMAS PUCK was sold out within three days, and we can supply no more copies.

WE SHALL take care that this does not happen again. If it is possible, we shall print enough MIDSUMMER PUCKS and CHRISTMAS PUCKS hereafter to supply any call, however negligent the newsdealers may be. But the preparation of such an elaborate publication is an affair of many months, and we can only work our presses to their utmost limit.

WE REGRET that this rapid consumption of our whole edition has left many would-be solvers of our \$500 prize puzzle out in the cold. We can only suggest that they purchase the GERMAN EDITION of PUCK, Dec. 14th, 1887, which contains the puzzle and the blank. We will receive the slip cut from the GERMAN PUCK as a substitute for that of the X-MAS PUCK. We make this announcement in order to give our friends every chance to compete for the prize.

WE ARE glad that you liked the X-MAS PUCK as much as you evidently did, and that you showed your liking by buying the whole edition out, almost before it was dry.

NEXT TIME we will try to have enough to satisfy you all.

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK.

Now just a few more words to you about the Christmas puzzle. We have received letters from some of you asking what sort of people they are whose portraits are to be identified, and letters telling us that some of you have found more than thirty. To the first class we will say this much: that the portraits are those of distinguished and well-known people, artists, statesmen, politicians, actors and the like, some living, some dead—but all of them people of whom every one has heard, and most of whom have had their portraits, neatly labeled, set forth from time to time in PUCK.

To the second class we can only say this: that while there are more than thirty faces in the puzzle, there are only thirty portraits.

If any other distinguished individuals, living or dead, have surreptitiously hidden their portraits in our puzzle, we are pained to hear it, and powerless to put them out, now. Those of you who are sharp enough to find any such intruders and to identify them, will probably be sharp enough to select the correct thirty.

PAT'S REMEDY.



AND WAS it to me ye wor
spakin?
And is it "move on!" did
ye say?
Sure an Oi 've been movin'
on and on
This many a blissed day;
Till this mornin' Oi struck
as purthy
A job as iver you see;
For two dollars a day is
mighty good pay
For a mon the loikes av
me.

'T was up Broadway Oi' was walkin'
Wid me t'roat choaked loike wid a sob,
Whin a mon up a stairway shouted:
"Whist, Pat, do you want a job?"
And theer sthood Misther Murphy
The mason, as big as loife;
And "Pat," says he, "Oi 've a job for ye
To aern bread for the childer and wife."

Sure an' Oi was that delighted,
Oi t'ought Oi could walk on air;
'T was but takin' a dainty box av bricks
Up an ilegant tenement stair;
And Oi went to work wid as loight a heart
As iver a mon could wish,
For 't was cheering to me, for sure don't you see
That I had to cut bait or fish.

Oi'd hardly commenced me labor,
Whin one av the dirtiest bums
Comes up to me: "are ye wid us?" says he.
"Oi'll be wid ye whin pay-day comes."
"Oi mane, have ye joined the Union?"
"And is it the 'Union' ye say?"
And sure and Oi joined that same in me moind
Whin Oi came to America."

Thin he went to Misther Murphy,
As sthrait as sthrait could be,
And that gentleman came over
And spoke very koind to me.
"You 'd better join thim, Pat," he said,
But me heart grew heavy as lead,
For Oi'd not the extint of a single cint
For the devils that sthole me bread.

So Oi dhropped that dhirthy brick-hod
And came down the ugly stair
Wid me hopes all dead, and wid bended head,
And me heart filled wid grief and care;
And Oi 've been all this mornin' thinkin'
What we poor folks could do, do ye see,
To bate the shirks that shut up the works
To the loikes av you and me.

And Oi 've just made up me moind, sorr,
That the purtiest thing we could do
Is to give thim a sup av that same bad cup,
Sure, Oi think that 's the best, don't you?
So we'll form a saycret ordther,
That is, me friends and me,
And ivery mon that dares to join won
We'll Boycott him, don't ye see?

M. L. Murdock,
Per L.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON JAW — Chauncey M.
Depew.

SLAP JACKS — Sullivan and Ashton.

A STATIONARY TUB — pretty nearly — The Dol-
phin.

CHANGE FOR A DOLLAR — A Counterfeit.

ANOTHER OF PUCK'S E. C's, *Wide Awake* — The
Baby at Midnight.

TWO LUNCHEONS.

THE MILLIONAIRE'S (*an Alumnus*).

HE ORDERED a sandwich made of cheese,
In a restaurant quite plain;
Yet the viands there all seemed to please,
For he sought it out again.

THE SON'S (*an Undergraduate; \$1,200 a year*).

After oysters, he ordered a bird,
And wines of vintage old and rare;
The bill for the lunch was quite absurd,
But the Sophomore paid in "air."

The Consequences.

Those simple lunches managed to save
Enough thousands to meet the swell lunch
bills,
Beside the care of a single grave
In the family lot — which the Sophomore
fills.

Clarence Stetson.

BOOKS THAT HAVE HELPED ME.

Why has not Mr. E. P. Roe contributed an
article to this valuable series? We take the lib-
erty of supplying the omission, and respectfully
submit the following list:

"The Opening of a Chestnut-Burr;"
"Barriers Burned Away;"
"He Fell in Love with His Wife;"
"The Earth Trembled;"
"His Sombre Rivals;"
"Nature's Serial Story;"
"Success with Small Fruits;"
Webster's Dictionary;
Roget's Thesaurus;
Murray's Grammar;
and

OTHER PEOPLES' CHECK-BOOKS.



PRESENCE OF MIND.

SPILBERGER (*who came in late Christmas
Eve, and forgot the stocking business*).—
Vot I ged you, mine leedle sohn? Ha! I
gif you dot nise drompet you hef daig sooch
goot care ohf since der lasd Grisdmas. You
pe goot poy dis year, unt you ged him again
nexc years!

I played to him—I touched the keys
With love in each caressing finger;
My touch was lighter than the breeze;
And I was proud to see him linger.

He lingered while I softly played
An aria from "Trovatore;"
He lingered while I, stumbling, made
A poor attempt at Siegfried's story.

I played him Wagner and Gounod;
I played him Bach; I played him Handel;
I played him Offenbach—but, no—
The game was hardly worth the candle.

His mind, it seemed, had idly strayed—
Through realms of bliss a happy roamer—
For, when I paused, he only said:
Well, that piano is a "SOHMER!"

PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

The Fourth Crop of PICKINGS FROM PUCK has just
been harvested and is now offered for sale. It is a sure
cure for the blues and all forms of low spirits whether
caused by blighted love or sluggish liver. Be sure to
obtain a supply of these pickings of the best things from
PUCK, which may be had of any news-dealer.—*Yonkers
Gazette.*

"MANCHESTER ALUM WORKS, *S.M.* 22nd, 1886.—As the largest
Manufacturers in our line in the world, and constant inventors
ourselves, we very much admire your BALL-POINTED PENS, and
we consider it certain that ultimately they will displace all other
commercial pens. The box you sent us (No. 26) contains just
the kind we wanted, and it is quite charming to listen to the quill-
like music it makes while running after and keeping up with our
thoughts.—P. SPENCE & SONS." 117

CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS.

At regular intervals during the Fall and Winter months the Chi-
cago and Northwestern Railway will sell excursion tickets to San
Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego and other California points at
very low rates for the round trip. Such tickets will be good to re-
turn six months from date of sale. For full particulars address E.
P. Wilson, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill. 81

NO CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR'S TABLE

should be without a bottle of *Angostura Bitters*, the world
renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Be sure to get the genuine
article, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.



New York,
December 21st, 1887.

K. Reader, Esq.—Dear Sir:

You are hereby informed that PICKINGS FROM PUCK,
4th Crop, has been out for some days, and that what is
left of the edition is better than the three previous crop
put together, which is a very large say to say.

You are also informed that "Sassiety," No. 6 of
PUCK'S LIBRARY, is out, and that it offers a fund of
humor unparalleled in the chronicles of giddy fashion.

The price of PICKINGS FROM PUCK is 25 cents; of
"Sassiety" 10 cents; or you can have both together at
the unprecedented reduction of 35 cents.

Very truly yours,

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers.

THE ENGINEERING AND BUILDING RECORD.
(Established 1877). For Engineers, Architects, Contractors,
Municipal Officers. Published in New York, Saturdays. \$4 yearly.



HARDMAN, PECK & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS.

Warerooms, 138 FIFTH AVE.



Professor Darwin is not the only one who has been **STRUCK** by the likeness which many men bear to monkeys. Imitation seems to be the strongest point of similarity, and many men, like their prototype, imitate very readily, while they lack the power to **ORIGINATE**.



UNLIKE THE IMITATIONS, IT HAS NEVER CLAIMED TO CURE ALL HUMAN ILLS, BUT A TEASPOONFUL OF

**Ed. Brown's
Ginger**

ESTABLISHED 1822, PHILADELPHIA, PA. U. S. A.

WITH A LITTLE WATER, WILL RELIEVE CRAMP, COLIC AND TROUBLE CAUSED BY CHANGE OF WATER. GOOD AT ALL SEASONS.

IN BUYING, SEE THE RED LABEL, ADOPTED TO MEET FRAUDS.

King of Table Waters.
UNDERWOOD.
CURES DYSPEPSIA,
PREVENTS BRIGHT'S DISEASE AND GOUT.
General Office: 18 Vesey St., New York City.

PAIN-EXPELLER!

is acknowledged to be the best and most efficacious remedy for GOUT and RHEUMATISM, as testified by Thousands of people. Who has once tried this excellent Remedy will always keep the "PAIN EXPELLER" trademark "Anchor" in his house. Sold by all Chemists. Price 50 Cents.

F. AD. RICHTER & Co.
310 BROADWAY, NEW YORK and LONDON E.C. 1, RAILWAY PLACE, FEN-CHURCH STREET, who will, on application, be pleased to send full particulars gratis by post.

Scribner's Magazine for December is one of the most remarkable productions of its kind we have seen for years. It is a monthly magazine; it is published in New York, and yet a person might read it from cover to cover, including the advertisements, and not find out there had ever been a civil war in this country.—*Exchange*.

HERE is a chance for the walking delegate to earn honest wages. A Boston paper contains this advertisement:

"Wanted—A person to take a dog to walk mornings. The best of reference required."
—*Elmira Advertiser*.

"SHALL we stick to the farm?" asks a rural exchange. You will be likely to in wet weather unless you pave it.—*Omaha World*.

AT FREQUENT DATES EACH MONTH

**Burlington
Route**
C.B. & Q.R.R.

FROM CHICAGO,
PEORIA OR
ST. LOUIS.

WITH
CHOICE OF
ROUTES; VIA

CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS
DENVER,
COUNCIL BLUFFS,
OMAHA, ST. JOSEPH, ATCHISON
OR KANSAS CITY.

For dates, rates, tickets or further information apply to Ticket Agents of connecting lines, or address

PAUL MORTON, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

Puck's Library, "SASSIETY," All Newsdealers, No. 6. 20 Cents.

PEARS' SOAP

A SPECIALTY FOR IMPROVING THE COMPLEXION AND PREVENTING REDNESS ROUGHNESS AND CHAPPING RECOMMENDED BY MRS. LANGTRY, MADAME PATTI &c AND OBTAINED 15 INTERNATIONAL MEDALS AS A COMPLEXION SOAP.

"BUBBLES"
FROM THE CELEBRATED PICTURE BY
SIR JOHN MILLAIS BART. R. A.
AND GOLD MEDALIST &c.
[IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF
PEARS SOAP
PURCHASED BY THEM FOR \$11,000]

WATCHES and JEWELRY:
Big line, Low Prices.
100 page Wholesale Catalogue FREE!
The Domestic Mfg. Co., Wallingford, Conn.

KINNEY BROS' CIGARETTES.
"LATEST ENGLISH," "WHITE CAPS" and
"CROSS COUNTRY."

Extra Fine.
THE MOST POPULAR CIGARETTE IN THE WORLD,
SWEET CAPORAL.
KINNEY TOBACCO CO., SUCCESSORS,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS, NEW YORK.

AMUSEMENTS.

PUCK EVERY WEDNESDAY, 11 A.M. No Reserved Seats.
Admission to All Parts, 10c.

DOCKSTADER'S,
BROADWAY AND 30th STREET, NEW YORK.
MAGNIFICENT MINSTRELSY.
EVENINGS, 8.30. SATURDAY MATINEE, 2.30.

EDEN MUSEE. 55 West 23rd Street.
America of Erdelyi Naczi and Hungarian Orchestra.
First appearance in
Daily two Concerts. Admission, 50 cents, including Art Gallery.



How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

TORTURING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of disease-sustaining elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts, scales and sores, and restores the hair.

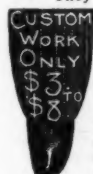
CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, baby humors, skin blemishes, chapped and oily skin. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the great skin beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Disease."

TINTED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

Tall or Stout Men, for you here's a prize,
Three Dollar Pants that are "just your size."
From the Bay State Pants Co., order a pair,
They'll prove good enough to wear anywhere.



IF YOU WEAR
PANTS

SENT
BY
MAIL
OR
EXPRESS

Send 6c. for Samples, rules for measurement and other particulars, showing how we can make to measure the celebrated

BAY STATE PANTS FOR \$3.

Vests, \$3.35, Coats, \$13.00, and upwards.

By reason of late purchases of large lots of Woolen Cloths, we can surprise you by the superior quality of Woolen Goods in \$3 Pants. Reference, American Express Co., Boston.

BAY STATE PANTS CO., CUSTOM CLOTHIERS,
34 Hawley Street, Boston, Mass. 123



ELEGANT HOLIDAY PRESENT.

INDEPENDENT FOUNTAIN PEN

fitted with Best Quality Gold Pen.

PRICE, \$2.00 AND UPWARD.

J. ULLRICH & CO., 106 LIBERTY ST., NEW YORK.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION 1878.

Nos. 303-404-170-604.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

315

OUT OF PRACTICE.

In the Police Court the other day a witness returned such "queer" answers that the opposing counsel arose and said:

"Your Honor, I believe that man is evading the truth!"

"Witness, you must answer all questions truthfully," admonished the Court.

"Yes, sir, I intend to; but give me a little time. I'm all out of practice, you know!"—

Detroit Free Press.

A
MOST USEFUL
AND
ACCEPTABLE
PRESENT
FOR

25

CENTS.

It is not usually the very expensive gift that is most prized or the most acceptable.

The article of daily use, constantly reminding one of the thoughtfulness of the giver, even though it be inexpensive, often gives more genuine pleasure, and is far more highly esteemed, than the costly gift.

As the season of "GIFT MAKING" approaches, we desire to suggest as a most appropriate present to a gentleman, and an article which no gentleman who shaves can fail to appreciate and enjoy,

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK.



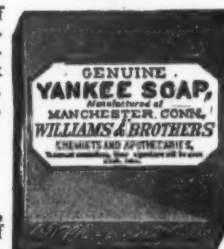
THIS EXQUISITE TOILET ARTICLE contains all of those rich and lasting qualities which have made our "GENUINE YANKEE" SHAVING SOAP famous for fifty years. Delicately scented with finely selected Attar of Roses. Each Stick in a neat Wood Case, covered with Red Morocco Leatherette. VERY PORTABLE. INDISPENSABLE TO TRAVELERS. A most acceptable Holiday Present.

A CONVENIENCE AND LUXURY FOR ALL WHO SHAVE.

If your Druggist does not keep Williams' Shaving Soaps, they will be sent, post-paid, to any address upon receipt of price in stamps or currency, as follows: WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 25 cents; GENUINE YANKEE SOAP, 15 cents; WILLIAMS' CELEBRATED BARBERS' SOAP—In Packages of 6 cakes, convenient for Toilet use, by mail, 40 cents. Its Purity, Delicate Perfume, and Delightful Emollient Properties render this SOAP invaluable for the Toilet and Bath, for which it is extensively used. There is nothing better to prevent and cure "Chapped Hands."

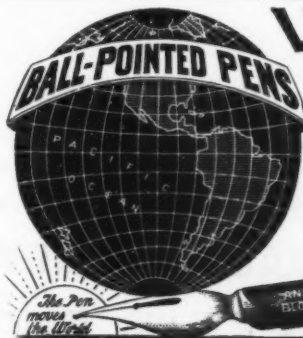
THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Glastonbury, Connecticut.

(Formerly Williams & Bros., Manchester.) Established 1840.



CATARRH positively cured by the great German Remedy. Sample pkge. and book for 4 cts. in stamps. **E. H. MEDICAL CO.,** East Hampton, Conn. 499

HEWITT'S PATENT BALL POINTED PENS for sale by **Findler & Wibel,** Stationers and Blank Book Mfs., 146-150 Nassau Street, New York. 94



LUXURIOUS WRITING

THE BALL-POINTED PENS are suitable for writing in every position; never scratch nor spurt; hold more ink and last longer.

Seven sorts, for ledger, rapid or professional writing.

Price, \$1.20 and \$1.50 per gross. Buy an assorted sample box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.

The "Federation" Holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm grip.

Price, 5, 15 & 20 cts. Of all Stationers.



ORMISTON & GLASS
EDINBURGH

ARMSTRONG BRACE!

ELASTIC SUSPENDER WITHOUT RUBBER
COMBINING COMFORT AND DURABILITY.



No Rubber used in these goods. Nickel Plated Brass Springs furnish the Elasticity. Ask Your Dealer for Them. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, at the following list:

A	Quality, plain or fancy web.....	\$ 50
B	" " " " web.....	75
C	" " " " web.....	1 00
D	" " " " web.....	1 25
E	" " " " web.....	1 50
F	" " " " web.....	2 00

ARMSTRONG MFG. CO., 428
216 Church st., N.Y. 267 Franklin st., Chicago.

MAGIC LANTERNS

And STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for **PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc.** A profitable business for a man with small capital. Also lanterns for Home Amusement. 150 page Catalogue free. **McALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.**

A. WEIDMANN.

No. 306 Broadway, Corner Duane Street, New York.

Importer and Manufacturer of

TOYS, FIREWORKS,

Masks, Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles and other Material for Costumes, etc. 116

If Jay Gould visits Austria, the Emperor can do no less, in recognition of his merits, than make him a Knight of the Golden Fleece. As a fleecer, Jay has always been a great success.—*Syracuse Herald.*

A PERSON makes better time by going slow. It is generally the fast trains that are behind time; an accommodation always makes connections.—*Ottawa Local News.*

A NEW YORK woman's plan to exterminate the English sparrows is to get it made fashionable to wear them as hat ornaments.—*Syracuse Herald.*

THE "rubber trust" that is being organized in the East will probably be an elastic affair.—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

JOHN L. SULLIVAN has met the Prince of Wales. What became of the gate receipts is not known.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

M. FERRY has not been forgotten, like Gen. Boulanger. He has been shot at.—*Providence Journal.*

THE people of the Territory of Dakota believe in a future State.—*Washington Critic.*



Professionally named "The Hygeian Brush." "The best cleanser and polisher of the teeth known."—*N.Y. Tribune.* "Unequaled for benefit, excellence and economy." Bristle "Head," best "Florence" make, fitting above holder, 15c. Set 75c, or sold separately.

For CATARRH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION.

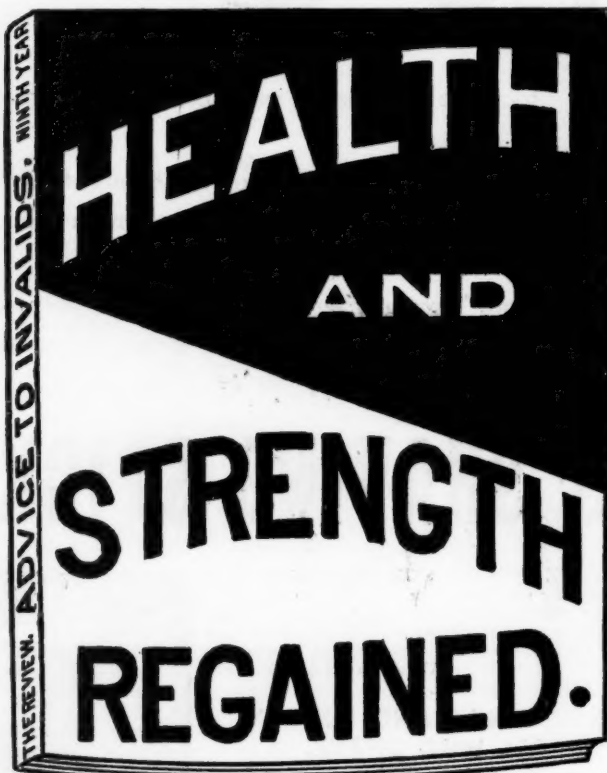
Used the same as an ordinary pillow, and only at night. No pipes or tubes. Perfectly safe to the most delicate. The medicine is breathed in, not swallowed, and goes right to the diseased parts of the air-passages. From the nostrils to the bottom of the lungs. From the very first night the passages are clearer and the inflammation is less. The cure is sure, and reasonably rapid.

THE PILLOW-INHALER CO., 76

1520 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
BRANCH OFFICE: 25 East 14th Street, New York.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, whether deafness is caused by colds, fevers or injuries to the natural drums. Invisible, comfortable, always in position. Music, conversation, whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of proofs FREE. Address, F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York.



COPIES FREE.

Young and Middle-Aged Men and others who suffer from nervous and physical debility, exhausted vitality, premature decline, etc., are especially benefited by consulting its contents. Everything such sufferers wish to know is fully given in its pages. If in need of medical aid or counsel, read it before "doctoring" or investing in medicines or appliances of any description, and you will save time, money and disappointment. If using medicine or medical treatment of any kind, read it and learn the better way.

THE REVIEW exposes the frauds practiced by quacks and medical impostors who profess to "practice medicine," and points out the only safe, simple and effective road to health, vigor and bodily energy. Beware of the sham curative articles called Shields, Generators, Girdles, Pads, Brushes, Corsets, Clothing, Plasters, etc., now deceptively advertised as Electric, Voltaic and Magnetic. These articles are as entirely spurious as the advertisements concerning them are insidious. This can be easily detected by a simple test which is fully explained in THE REVIEW.

Electric Belts and all curative appliances are treated upon—all about them. Belts on thirty days' trial (?) and other fallacies reviewed. Thousands of dollars saved nervous debility sufferers and others by the advice given.

Reader, are you afflicted, and wish to recover the same degree of health, strength and energy experienced in former years? Do any of the following symptoms, or class of symptoms, meet your diseased condition? Are you suffering from ill-health in any of its many forms, consequent on a lingering, nervous, chronic or functional disease? Do you feel nervous, debilitated, fretful, timid, and lack the power of will and action? Are you subject to loss of memory, have spells of fainting, fullness of blood in the head, feel listless, moping, unfit for business or pleasure, and subject to fits of melancholy? Are your kidneys, stomach, urinary organs, liver or blood in a disordered condition? Do you suffer from rheumatism, neuralgia or other aches or pains? Are you timid, nervous and forgetful, with your mind continually dwelling on the subject? Have you lost confidence in yourself and energy for business pursuits? Are you subject to restless nights, broken sleep, nightmare, dreams, palpitation of the heart, bashfulness, confusion of ideas, aversion to society, dizziness in the head, dimness of sight, pimples and blotches on the face and back, and other despondent symptoms? There are thousands of young men, middle-aged and old who suffer from nervous and physical debility. There are thousands of females broken down in health and spirits, who from false modesty or neglect prolong their suffering.

Why further neglect your health and future happiness or continue to be dosed, drugged and quacked when THE REVIEW, which costs you nothing, teaches us the true and only way to permanent health, strength and vigor? "THE REVIEW," or "HEALTH AND STRENGTH REGAINED," contains particulars and information worth thousands to suffering humanity. THE REVIEW is now in its ninth year of publication. Complete specimen copies mailed free. Address

INVALIDS AND OTHERS

SEEKING

Health, Strength and Energy

SHOULD

AVOID DRUGS, SECRET MEDICINES, ETC.,

AND SEND FOR

"THE REVIEW," OR HEALTH AND STRENGTH REGAINED.

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

Published for their Benefit.

It Treats on Health, Hygiene, Physical Culture, and Medical Subjects,

And is a complete Encyclopædia of information for suffering humanity afflicted with long-standing, chronic, nervous, exhausting or painful diseases. Every subject that bears on health and human happiness receives attention in its pages, and the many questions asked by ailing persons, and invalids who have despaired of a cure are answered, and valuable information is volunteered to all who are in need of medical advice. No similar work has ever been published. Every sick and ailing person should have it.

PUBLISHERS REVIEW,

1164 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NOW IS THE TIME TO APPLY, AS YOU MAY NOT SEE THIS NOTICE AGAIN. SEND YOUR ADDRESS ON POSTAL CARD TO-DAY, NAMING THIS PAPER.

A Million Boxes A Year.

Brandreth's Pills purify the Blood, stimulate the Liver, strengthen the Kidneys, regulate the Bowels. They were introduced in the United States in 1835. Since that time over fifty millions of boxes of **Brandreth's Pills** have been consumed.

This, together with thousands of convincing testimonials from all parts of the world, is positive evidence of their value.

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.



The Great French Tonic.

A WONDERFUL COMBINATION

OF

PERUVIAN BARK, IRON

AND

CATALAN WINE.

It has been used in France for twenty-five years, and exceeds in popularity any other French preparation.

It prevents Malaria, Cures Malarial Fevers, tones up the system, and invigorates the life.

It is sold universally, or by

E. FOUGERA & CO.,

IMPORTERS,

89 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike Artificial Systems—Cure of Mind Wandering. Any book learned in one reading. Great inducements to correspondence classes. Prospectus, with opinions in full of Mr. PROCTOR, the Astronomer, Hon. W. W. ASTOR, JUDITH F. BENTLEY, DR. MYRON WOOD, REV. FRANCIS B. DUNN, The Christian Advocate, MARK TWAIN, and others, sent post free by **PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.**



Scroll Sawyer.

On receipt of 15c. I will send, post-paid, this three-shelf bracket design, size 13x21 inches, a large number of new and beautiful miniature designs for scroll sawing, and my 40-page Illustrated Catalogue of Scroll Saws, Lathes, Fancy Woods, Small Locks, Fancy Hinges, Catches, Clock Movements, etc., or send 6c. for catalogue alone and novelties. Bargains in **Pocket Knives**. Great inducements in way of Premiums.

A. H. POMEROY,
DIVISION "P,"
316-220 Asylum Street,
HARTFORD, Conn.



"HOME EXERCISER" is Dr. A. H. Pomeroy's and Sederberg's "Pupils," Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Schools for Physical and Vocal Culture," 14 East 14th Street and 113 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. DOWD, Wm. Blake, author of "How to get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any other that I liked half as well."

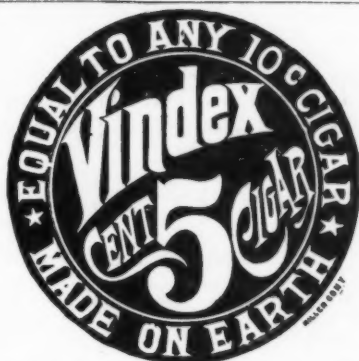
THE ambition of many a young man to become a dude is crushed, because of his inability to know nothing.—*Ottawa Local News.*

Now we shall see the effect of message treatment on the surplus.—*Syracuse Herald.*

THE cigar factories in Havana are all closed; but the stock of Havana cigars is as abundant and cheap as ever, owing to the enterprise and foresight of this nation, by which it makes its own Havana cigars.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

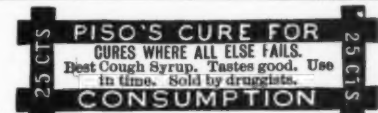
A CHICAGO man is said to be "making pots from antimony." Jack pots, probably.—*Ex.*

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists. 17



One Trial Proves It

absolutely pure long Fuelta Havana filler, and the only Nickel cigar on the market that is a bona fide competitor of all 10 cent brands. Ask your dealer for it, and take no other. All orders filled by express, prepaid. **GLASER, FRAME & CO.** Manufacturers, READING, PA. 112



I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life.—**A. H. DOWELL,** Editor Enquirer, Edenton, N. C., April 23, 1887.



The BEST Cough Medicine is **PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**. Children take it without objection. By all druggists. 25c.



BARNEY & BERRY'S SKATE AMERICAN RINK



All parts of this Skate finely polished and nicked; runners of welded steel, tempered. Fastening of latest design; can be adjusted quickly and conveniently, and is secure when fastened. This skate is guaranteed in every particular. Sizes—8, 9, 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½, and 12 inches. **BARNEY & BERRY,** CATALOGUE FREE. Hardware Dealers, and Sporting Goods Houses. Springfield, Mass. 11

We give to every purchaser the privilege of **RETURNING THE MACHINE** within thirty days if not **ABSOLUTELY SATISFACTORY** in every respect.



REMINGTON Standard Typewriter.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT

339 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Linen papers and Typewriter supplies of all kinds.

FROM THE HOME OF THE FAMOUS TOKAY WINES.

What the Hungarian Trade Papers Say About Them.

Report of **ARMIN VARNAI** to the President of the "Tolcsva Association for Grape Culture and Wine Production." (Copied from the number of November 28th, 1886, of the *Magyar Kereskedelmi Lapja*, or, the "Organ of the Hungarian Merchants.")

"... We have to make mention of one laudable exception among the purchasers of genuine Tokay Wines, and this is the firm of **A. HELLER & CO.**, in Buda-Pesth and New York. The aforementioned world-renowned house, as in former years, spares no efforts to secure the best and purest qualities right here in the valleys of the Tokay Mountains, regardless of the prices asked by the growers. The New York Branch of **A. HELLER & CO.** (A. Heller & Bro., 35 & 37 Broad Street, and 307 & 309 E. 54th Street), by the way, deserves great credit for having popularized on the other side of the Atlantic the judgment and acknowledgement for genuine Tokay Wines and Aszu, and at the same time opening a market for these articles in the New World."

ZEMPLÉN, the Official Gazette of the Local Government of the Province of Zemplén, speaks on the same subject as follows:

"... The judgment for genuine Tokay Wines is in America more general than in the capital of Hungary. During a period of ten years not nearly as great a quantity of that noblest of wines has been shipped to Buda-Pesth, as the New York Branch of **A. HELLER & CO.** has imported yearly, and, what is more, they were exclusively of prime quality and mellow old age."

A GRAND GIFT To introduce our wonderful Self-operating Washing Machine, we will GIVE ONE away in every town. Best in the World. No labor or rubbing. SEND FOR ONE to the **NATIONAL CO., 23 Dey Street, New York**

**SUPERIOR ESTAB. QUALITY
1824**

MUSIC BOXES

Gauche & Sons 1876 PHILA. 1030 Chestnut St.

PHILADELPHIA—SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE. 110

THE GENUINE

Henry Clay Cigars.FOR SALE BY } THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
ALL DEALERS }

Viuda de JULIAN ALVAREZ,

HENRY CLAY FACTORY, HABANA, CUBA.

FERD. HIRSCH,

Sole Representative for the United States,
2 BURLING SLIP, NEW YORK.**"Private Club"**
GRAND CHAMPAGNE.FELIX JACQUIN,
EPERNAY, FRANCE.

Highest Grade Imported.

L. E. WILMERDING,

GENERAL AGENT,

No. 3 South William Street, N. Y. City.

SUB-AGENCIES.

W. H. Jones & Co., Boston, Mass.
Augustus Merino & Co., Phila., Pa.
W. C. Beetchenow, Newark, N. J.
H. J. Reynolds, New Haven, Conn.
Geo. W. Walker, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.

Complete New Stock of

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC

SUITINGS,
TROUSERINGS,
and OVERCOATINGS.

FINEST ASSORTMENT IN THE CITY.

Business Suits to order from - - - \$20.00.
Dress " " " " - - - 25.00.
Trousers " " " " - - - 5.00.
Overcoats " " " " - - - 10.00.*Nicoll*
The Tailor.145 & 147 Bowery,
and

771 Broadway, Corner Ninth Street.

Samples and Plate of latest New York fashions, giving an accurate and descriptive idea of self-measurement mailed free on application.

BOKER'S BITTERSThe Oldest and Best of All
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.**RUPTURE**Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Belt-Truss, combined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating a continuous Electric & Magnetic current. Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective. Avoid frauds. Over 9,000 cured. Send Stamp for pamphlet.
ALSO ELECTRIC BELTS FOR DISEASES.
DR. HORNE, INVENTOR, 191 WABASH AVE. CHICAGO.**TAPE WORMS**

Removed in two hours. Permanent Cure Guaranteed. Established 14 years. A. W. ALLEN, 604 GRAND ST., New York.

Offer No. 170.

FREE! — TO MERCHANTS ONLY: A three-foot, French glass, oval-front Show Case. Address at once, R. W. TANSILL & Co., 55 State St., Chicago.

Nine Gold and First-Class Medals.
PETER F. HEERING'S
COPENHAGEN CHERRY CORDIAL.
LUYTIES BROTHERS.

GENERAL AGENTS,

No. 573 Broadway, NEW YORK. No. 1 Wall Street, cor. Broadway.

PUCK.

SMOKE

CELESTINO PALACIO & CO.'S

LA ROSAAND **EL TELEGRAFO**
KEY WEST HAVANA CIGARS.

For sale by all first-class dealers throughout the United States.

It's the poorest dancer that kicks at the music.—*Ottawa Local News.*THERE is a good deal of human nature in newspapers, after all. The enterprising sheet which would give a hundred dollars for a stolen copy of the President's message would probably demand regular advertising rates if it were asked to publish it in advance.—*Syracuse Herald.*A sound verdict—That of a drum head court martial.—*Boston Courier.*

"True as steel" and as unerring as the mariner's compass is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. As a pain-destroyer no liniment in the market equals Salvation Oil. Price, only 25 cents.

HENRY LINDENMEYER,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.Nos. 15 & 17 BEEKMAN STREET. } NEW YORK.
BRANCH, 37 EAST HOUSTON STREET.**EPPS'S**

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

C. C. Shayne,

Manufacturing Furrier,

103 Prince St., N. Y.

Will retail fashionable Furs and Seal-skin Garments this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity for ladies to purchase reliable furs direct from the Manufacturer at lowest possible prices. Fashion book mailed free.

**CHAMPION OF TWO CONTINENTS.**

An Interesting Comparison of

THE WORLD'S GREAT BREWERIES.

Decidedly the greatest beer producing countries in the world are Germany and Austria. The manufacture of the national beverage and its consumption is a matter of investigation and comment for every traveler that has visited and written of those States. Many have gone behind the commercial feature of the industry, and have found in the production, fostered and protected as it is by the Government, a solution of the stability of the people. The people themselves, instead of fretting under the ordinary cares of life that carry more volatile neighbors into insurrection, absorb a philosophical quiet with the nectar of Gambrinus that saves them from the consequences of rashness. Small wonder that they cherish their colossal Brauerein and that the Government fosters them. The last annual official statistical showing of the product in Germany and Austria has just been received here.

According to this report, the output of the six leading breweries of Germany and Austria, in 1886, was the following:

	BARRELS.
1. Spaten Brewery, Munich, (Gab. Sedlmayer, Prop.)	363,017
2. Anton Dreher, Vienna	348,608
3. Löwen Brewery, Munich	252,750
4. St. Marx, Vienna	209,480
5. G. Pschorr, Munich	236,960
6. Liesing Actien Brewery, Vienna	170,764

Total, 1,670,564.

There are innumerable small establishments, but these six larger ones serve to give some idea of the magnitude

REGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK

The GREAT ENGLISH DISINFECTANT.

The First Requisite in all Dwellings.

The most POWERFUL and PLEASANT of all PREPARATIONS in use.

Fragrant, Non-poisonous, does not stain Linen.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Fluid, for sprinkling about rooms, disinfecting linen, and general house use.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Powder, a powerful and pleasant preparation for stables, kennels, ashbins, &c.

"SANITAS" Crude Disinfecting Fluid, a concentrated form of "Sanitas," to be diluted with water for flushing drains, &c.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Oil, for fumigating sick rooms, treatment of throat complaints, rheumatism and ringworm.

"Sanitas" Disinfecting Toilet and Laundry Soaps, &c., &c.

THE REGULAR USE OF

"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT, and Deodorant, is a sure preventive of all contagious and infectious diseases. It is invaluable in the sick room.

"A PEOPLE'S HEALTH IS A NATION'S WEALTH."

"SANITAS" IS NATURE'S DISINFECTANT.

To be had of all Druggists and of the

American & Continental "Sanitas" Co., Ltd.,
636-642 West 55th street, N. Y. city.**ANGOSTURA****BITTERS.**

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SEIGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.
27 BROADWAY, N. Y.

of the industry in those countries. In the manufacture of the quantity of beer shown in the product of these six breweries, over one hundred and forty millions of pounds of malt were used.

To those of our own community who are not tinged with prohibitory theories there will be some satisfaction in learning that St. Louis, Mo., has not only the largest brewery in this country, but the largest in the world.

The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, in the period covered by the official report from which the above is taken, manufactured and sold 13,120,000 gallons of beer, equaling

410,000 Barrels,

an excess of more than 10 per cent. above the production of the Spaten Brewery of Munich, the largest European brewery. Experts in the manufacture of beer are not slow to say that the quality, also, of the Anheuser-Busch beer excels that of its European rival in about the same ratio. This opinion is not only that of American judges, but in every European exposition in which the beer of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association has come into competition with that of all the above-named breweries, it has been awarded the first premium. In every European capital medals have been given to them showing that they surpassed all other exhibitors in the quality of the beer manufactured. These awards have not been merely occasional, but record a succession of triumphs.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT!

The Grand Christmas Double Number

LONDON GRAPHIC

Is beautifully printed IN COLORS, and besides the LARGE COLORED PLATE SUPPLEMENT, contains a full variety of seasonable pictures, ALL IN COLORS.

YULE TIDE

Is also a beautiful Christmas number, containing three handsome Colored Plates; a complete story by R. L. Stevenson; Christmas Entertainment for Young and Old, &c., &c.

Price 50 Cents Each.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY,
29 & 31 Beekman Street, New York.

Subscriptions received for any Foreign Periodical.

ASK FOR**LIEBIG COMPANY'S****EXTRACT of MEAT**

and insist upon no other being substituted for it.

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.

Arnold,
Constable & Co.

UPHOLSTERY

Lace and Silk Window Draperies.

PORTIERES.

Plush, Damask and Tapestry

FURNITURE COVERINGS,

Table Covers, Etc.

Broadway & 19th St.

New York.



BUY THE BEST
and only

SATISFACTORY OIL BURNER**The Royal Argand.**

Larg. White Light, 65 Candle Power.

IT WILL FIT ANY LAMP.

Absolute safety. Can not explode. An Automatic Extinguisher. No blowing out the light. Perfectly simple. Easily rewicked. The light is steady, without flicker.

RESTS THE EYES.

A Burner and Chimney mailed to any part of the country for \$1.25. Liberal discount to the trade.

SALESROOM, ALSO LAMPS,
1 Barclay Street.

Chicago, 58 Dearborn St. Phila., 114 South 7th St.

NEW YORK BRASS COMPANY.

A HANDSOME
CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
PUCK'S LIBRARY, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
To one address, 50 cents.

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**
212 State St., Chicago.

**SOZODONT.**

SMILES ARE BECOMING ONLY WHEN THE LIPS DISPLAY PRETTY TEETH.
The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

SOZODONT.

Which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

One bottle of Sozodont will last six months.

BE SURE TO CUT

20 ELEGANT CHRISTMAS CARDS FREE!

Our Country Home is one of the most charming illustrated literary and family papers published. Every number contains 20 mammoth pages, 80 columns of the choicest reading matter, including serials, short stories, sketches, poems, fancy work, home decoration, &c., from the pens of the most noted writers in the land. Wanting to introduce the paper into the thousands of homes where it is not already taken, we now make the following extraordinary offer: Upon receipt of only \$25. in silver, postal note or stamps, we will send Our Country Home on trial three months, and we will send free and post-paid 20 Elegant Large Silk Fringed and Imported Embossed Christmas and New Year Cards no two alike. Remember, we send these 20 lovely Cards free to anyone sending 25 cents for three months' trial subscription to OUR COUNTRY HOME. Money refunded to all not satisfied that they receive three times the value of the money sent. 5 sets of 20 cards each and 5 subscriptions to the paper will be sent for \$1. Send at once. Address **Pub. Our Country Home, Wallingford, Conn.**

NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

A PARTIAL LIST OF**NEW HOLIDAY BOOKS.**

ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD. Twenty-five Engravings by MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS. With Introduction and Descriptive Letter-press by W. M. LAFFAN. Popular Edition. Large Folio, Ornamental Covers, Gilt Edges, \$12.00. (In a box.)

W. D. HOWELLS: MODERN ITALIAN POETS. Essays and Versions. With Portraits. 12mo, Half Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, \$2.00. — **APRIL HOPES.** A Novel. 12mo, Cloth, \$1.50.

DIALECT BALLADS. By CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS, author of "Leadle Yawcob Strauss," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Extra Cloth, \$1.00.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER HARPER'S MAGAZINE for December, 1887. With contributions from Andrew Lang, George William Curtis, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mark Twain, Charles Egbert Craddock, F. W. Burbidge, F. L. S., Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, W. M. Praed, William Dean Howells, Edward Everett Hale, Charles Dudley Warner, Amélie Rives, Will Carleton, Frances Courtenay Baylor, Harriet Lewis Bradley, and George F. Kunz. Beautifully illustrated with a superb full-page Plate of Gems, printed in twenty colors, and with Drawings by Edwin A. Abbey, C. S. Reinhart, Alfred Parsons, Frederick Barnard, R. F. Zogbaum, Frederic Dielman, A. B. Frost, Gilbert Gaul, and C. J. Taylor. 35 cents a number; \$4.00 a year, postage free.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1887. Vol. VIII. 852 pages. With 770 Illustrations. 4to, Ornamental Cloth, \$3.50. Vols. V., VI., and VII., \$3.50 each.

THE WONDER CLOCK; or, Four-and-Twenty Marvelous Tales: being One for Each Hour of the Day. Written and Illustrated with 160 Drawings by HOWARD PYLE, Author of "Pepper and Salt," "The Rose of Paradise," etc. With Verses by KATHARINE PYLE. Large 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, \$3.00.

HORSE, FOOT, AND DRAGOONS. Sketches of Army Life at Home and Abroad. By RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM. With Illustrations by the Author. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, \$2.00.

ANCIENT CITIES OF THE NEW WORLD. Being Voyages and Explorations in Mexico and Central America, from 1857 to 1882. By DESIRE CHARNAY. Translated from the French by J. GONINO and HELEN S. CONANT. Introduction by ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE. 209 Illustrations and a Map. Royal 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, \$6.00.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, post-paid, to any part of the United States and Canada, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE sent on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps for postage.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

First Prize Medal,
Vienna, 1873.



C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail.
399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker Street, and Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes and Bowls made up in newest designs. Catalogue FREE. Mention Puck.



TEN little Anarchists, marching in a line,
One dropped out, and then there were nine.



NINE little Anarchists, boiling o'er with hate,
One tried to make a bomb, and then there were eight.



EIGHT little Anarchists, in a seventh heaven,
One of them was "fired out," and then there were seven.



SEVEN little Anarchists, in an awful fix,
One was convicted, and then there were six.



SIX little Anarchists, meeting in a dive,
One talked himself to death, and then there were five.



FIVE little Anarchists, buller for gore,
A small boy wallowed one, and then there were four.



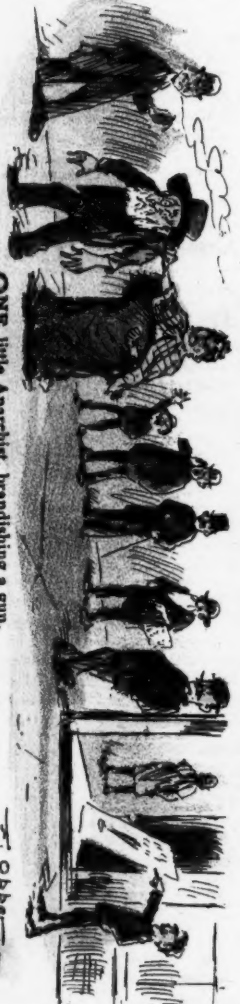
FOUR little Anarchists, dirty as could be,
One tried to wash himself, and then there were three.



THREE little Anarchists, visiting the Zoo,
One of them was captured, and then there were two.



TWO little Anarchists, loafing in the sun,
A policeman strolled along that way, and then there was one.



ONE little Anarchist, brandishing a gun,
His wife came and took him home, and then there were none.